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# “The Rival Dramatists”

— OR —

# “Cock-A-Doodle-Doo!”

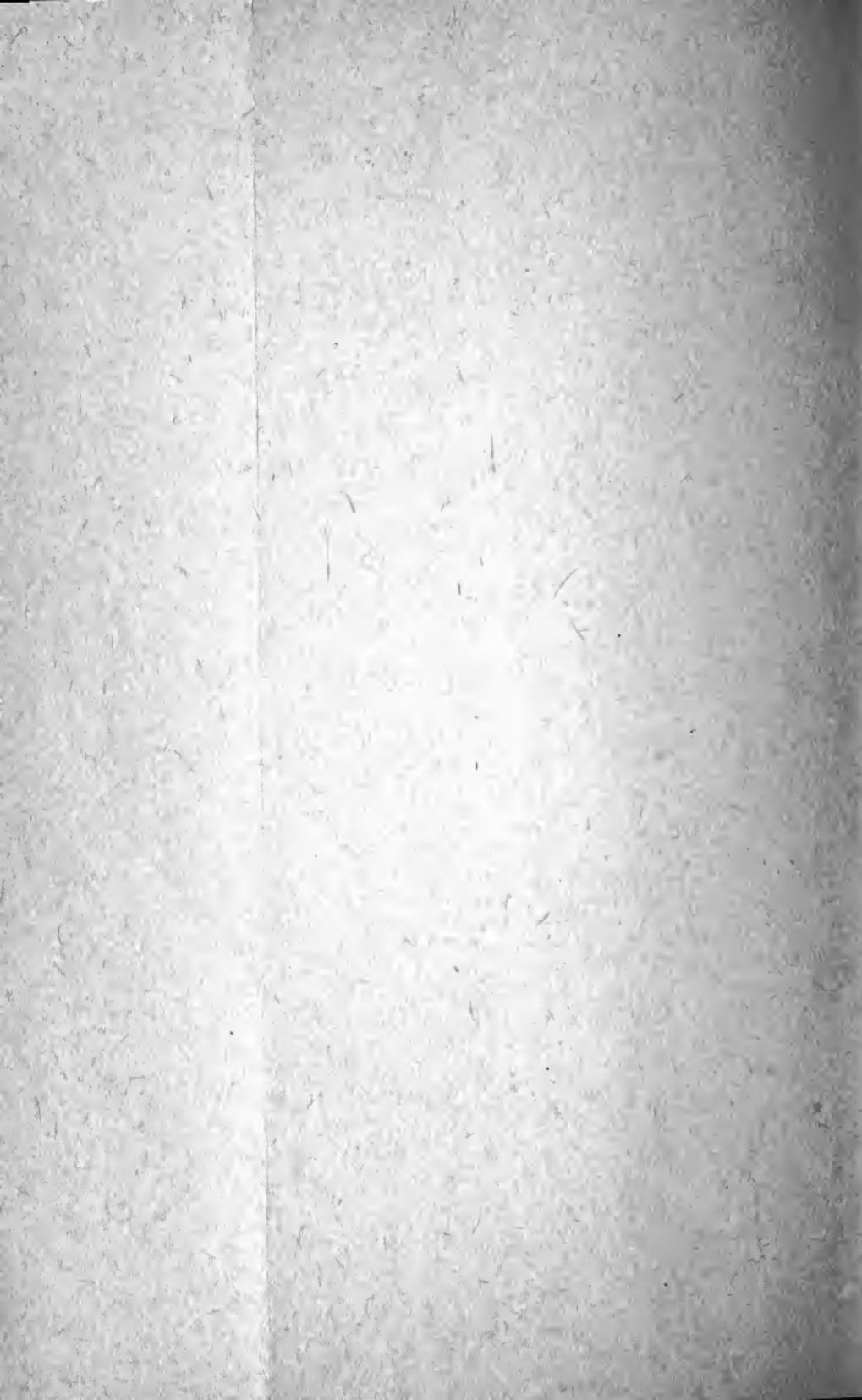
by OTIS TURNER

(A Burlesque on the Reigning French Dramatic Craze.)

A PLAYLET IN ONE ACT

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# THE RIVAL DRAMATISTS

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## SCENE 1. (A GROSSER INSPIRATION.)

(*A country lane. In the foreground, barnyard and outbuildings on a well-stocked American farm. Barnyard well stocked with fowls, cattle, horses, sheep, etc.*)

SE THE GROSSE (*a portly American, enters from the L. foreground with note-book and pencil in hand.*) Ah, this is what I call getting next to Nature! In this age of realism, that is the great secret of an author's success! Oh, for an inspiration! (*looks around, holding note-book and pencil.*)

A LARGE ROOSTER (*impersonated by a human actor, enters from barn door, rushes down to the gate, where Se the Grosse is standing.*)

SE THE GROSSE. Ah, what a large fowl! The biggest foul I have seen since the Chicagoos played the New Yorks! So tall you hardly see yon 'shanty-clear'—the head of yonder Chanticleer! By Jove! that's good! I'll book it! (*Writes.*)

ROOSTER. (*Discovers an ear of corn and proudly announces his discovery.*) Behold my Southern hospitality! There's corn in this locality! It is my custom, every morn, to take a "little nip" of "corn!" Come, Goose and Turkey! This is free! Come take a morning nip with me!

(*Goose and Turkey, impersonated by human actors, run out of barn door and join rooster, bowing to him, and all dispose of corn.*)

TURKEY. Ah, Mister Rooster, here's your health, sir! A gentleman of taste and wealth, sir!

GOOSE. My compliments, sir, are profuse! You can't expect much from a goose!

SE THE GROSSE. Ah, there's hospitality for you! *He invites them to join him.* Well, I prefer my corn in liquid form! Bourbon, not cob-on, is my choice! Ah! A brilliant idea! I'll book it! (*Writes. Scene closes.*)

## SCENE 2. (INSPIRATION OF LE CHEVALIER.)

*Full stage scene representing exterior of barnyard of well-kept estate in France. The fowls are of the Game variety. Catile and horses are well groomed and everything is in direct contrast to Scene 1.)*

CHEVALIER DE ROSTANDO, *a middle-aged French gentleman, enters from R. foreground, dressed after the fashion at present affected by writers and artists in Paris, while out walking in the morning. He is smoking a cigarette and idly strolling along, rather bored by his surroundings. He is suddenly galvanized into action by something that attracts his attention in the barn-*

yard. He draws note-book from his pocket, clammers over the fence, excitedly runs up to a group of animals.) Ah! beautiful cattle, with dreamy, poetic eyes, that eat the golden buttercups and then gives buttermilk! (*Runs over to group of horses.*) Tell me, oh steeds with melan-cholic eyes, why do you canter-lope! (*Runs to pigs.*) Ah, fair Shakespearean creatures, happy when you are "Ham-let" alone, but woeful when you are consigned to "Bacon!" (*Near barn, well in background, is a large, handsome dog-house, from which a large dog, impersonated by a human actor, enters and comes down, playing, frisking and barking around the Chevalier.*)

DOG. Bow-wow! Wow!

CHEV. Oh, noble animal, thou raiseth a question in my mind! If a cur should lose his tail, would he be cur-tailed or de-tailed; and if he recovered it again, would he be re-tailed? (*Rushes delightedly to foreground and exclaims:*) Ah! At last I have the Grand Inspiration!

(*Scene closes in 2.*)

### SCENE 3.

The rather roughly furnished den or study of an American literary man—the walls hung with paintings or water colors of American farm scenes—a round writing table well down stage in foreground. Hung over the table, a large representation of a bell with lettering formed of corn grains, spelling the word "CORTONTOWN." A large demijohn on table with vertical letters to represent corn grains, "CORN-JUICE!" A gallon coffee pot, large-sized cup, large instead, several quill pens and a lot of loose MSS on table. The floor covered here and there with rugs and skins. MSS loose leaves scattered about. Large fireplace L, over which hangs a water color representing a large rooster on a rail fence, crowing at the approaching dawn. Printed across the bottom of the water color is a quotation as follows:

"It is the martial bird of morn,  
Brave Chanticleer, the vocal  
lighthouse of the dawn!"

SE THE GROSSE (*discovered, arm resting on mantle, gazing at the picture. He has on smoking-jacket, towel wrapt around forehead.*) Oh, insidious, invidious, perfidious fowl! To your foul example I owe this confounded head of mine! Following your example, I took my morning nip of "corn" and went to bed well "corned!" I'm too old a rooster to learn new tricks! Now I'm plastered up with wet towels! (*Goes to ice-water cooler, dips towel in, wrings it out, re-wraps head with it.*) 'Tis passing strange that when one gets well soaked inside, he must be well soaked outside! (*Goes to table, picks up quill and begins to write.*) Oh, fair Muse, send me now a glorious inspiration. (*Stage gradually darkens, scene dissolves in vision, showing*

SCENE 4.

*A country barnyard with hay piled in foreground, about which are grouped a turkey, a goose, a rooster, a donkey and a cow, all impersonated by human actors. They are holding a council, discussing, in pantomime, the scarcity of food.)*

TURKEY. Companions, I am heart-sick; no, gizzard-sick!

I'm sure I'll be a goner pretty quick!

Alas, I am a "Gobbler" now no more!

I've "gobbled" nothing for three days or four!

GOOSE. Well, "Misery loves company," so they say!

Alack! I wish a goose could live on hay!

ROOSTER. If we but had the good things that we used ter!

I mope upon the roost all day, so I'm indeed a "Rooster!"

DONKEY. I fain would sing a woeful ditty,—

ALL. Don't!

DONKEY (*with disgust*). You have no ears for music; what a pity!

COW. And I've no heart for "Moo"-sic! I am cowed! (*Large hog, impersonated by human actor, enters slowly from L.*)

DONKEY. In my despair, I fain would cry aloud—

ALL. Don't!

DONKEY. I won't!

GOOSE. Here comes our Walking Delegate, the Swine;

Let us consult him, for his judgment's fine!

ROOSTER. Speak, Brother Pig! What shall we do?

HOG (*gloomily*). Do as you like! I'm quite disgruntled, and I move a strike!

ALL. Aye, a strike! A strike! We will have corn!

FARMER (*entering R.*). By Heck! Another strike as sure's you're born!

ALL (*chasing him threateningly*). Corn! Corn!

HOG (*savagely*). Give us to eat! We starve, you blamed old mummy!

FARMER. Git out, ye ruffian swine! I'll kick ye in the "tummy!"

DONKEY. We must have corn!

FARMER (*points to crib, which is empty.*) Ye see, I ain't got any, And I can't buy it, fur I haint a penny!

Look at the crib! Ye see there's nothin' in it!

If I had corn, I'd give ye some this minit!

ROOSTER (*in despair*). We love our lives and sadly grieve to lose 'em!

Oh, Brother Goose, let me weep on thy bosom!

FARMER'S BOY (*enters L. 2, with stock poster of country fair.*)

Oh, Dad! They're goin' ter have a County Fair,

And there'll be lots of feed fur critters there!

The stock here, Dad, to this 'ere Fair we'll take,

And they kin stuff theirselves till they git stomach-ache!

THE ANIMALS (*delighted, do grotesque dance, singing:*)

High-ho! To the Fair we'll go. We'll be the stars at the Farmer Show!

We'll fill with corn and with grain we'll stuff!

For once we'll have enough! enough!

(*Dancing around as scene fades back to show Se the Grosse again in his study, sitting at the table.*)

SE THE GROSSE. He who with Nature holds communion, Finds beasts and fowls have their trade union, And when things don't go as these creatures like, The stock, like human animals, go on a strike! (*sits at table and writes as picture fades.*)

#### SCENE 5.

*The study of the French writer, the Chevalier de Rostando. A handsome interior furnished with Louis XIV furniture. 1 large medallion rug of the period. 1 dainty writing desk well down L. C. 1 large easy chair of the period at fireplace R. 1 handsome low couch of the period C. against wall. Paintings, bric-a-brac and decorations all suggest dainty French atmosphere.)*

THE CHEVALIER discovered seated in easy chair, near fireplace, reading from a page of MSS. He seems well satisfied with what he has read, rises and goes to writing desk.) Ah! that is superb, magnificent! I am a grand author! (*Pulls bell. Francois enters.*) Francois, bring me champagne and glasses.

FRAN. Oui, Monsieur! (*Exits quickly and returns almost immediately with champagne cooler, champagne and glasses—places them on small tabourette, at head of couch. CHEV. takes cigarette case from the desk and lights cigarette at small Roman lamp.*)

CHEV. That is all, Francois! You may retire. (*Exit Francois.*) Strolls leisurely to couch and seats himself.) Ah, these Turkish cigarettes! They are a rare brand. They are full of dreams and fancies! (*Drinks glass of wine, then reclines on couch.*) Oh, subtle, fragrant thing from the strange, mystic East, from out thy curling smoke let visions rise to bring me inspiration! (*As he begins to smoke the scene dissolves into*

#### SCENE 6.

*A barnyard scene. An exaggerated barnyard scene, with large hen house in L. foreground with run leading to floor. Several hens and a dog are discovered (characters impersonated by human actors.)*

1ST HEN. Oh, Biddy Speckles, isn't Mr. Chanticleer  
The grandest, swellest looking Cavalier?

2ND HEN. Yes, but he's such a flirt! He's making eyes  
At every pullet that is half-grown size!

ROOSTER (*entering*). I pay my compliments, a pleasant duty!  
Ladies, you are a galaxy of beauty! (*Passes on.*)

1ST HEN. He's so gallant! There's nothing low or common!

2ND HEN. He'd be just charming if he wan't a Mormon!

(*Hen Pheasant enters.*) Oh, see that stuck-up thing, that Birdie Pheasant!

I thought, ere long, the hussy would be present! (*both hens threatening her.*)

You gipsy hussy, we'll pick you to pieces

Unless your showing off around here ceases!

ROOSTER (*steps between them.* *Hen pheasant takes shelter behind him.*)

Why, Ladies, shame! I'm shocked,—astonished!

You shall not harm her! There now, be admonished!

(*To Hen Pheasant:*) Oh, gentle creature, don't you be alarmed!

I will protect you, dear! You shan't be harmed!

1ST HEN (*indignantly*). "Dear!" "Gentle Creature!" Did you ever!

2ND HEN. Before our very eyes! Well, no, I never!

ROOSTER. There, there! Don't show this jealous disposition, I've just discovered, from my high position,

A flock of crickets hopping toward the clover.

HENS (*excitedly*). Where?

ROOSTER. There! Make haste, dears, or they'll soon get over!

(*Hens rush off after the crickets.* *To Pheasant:*) Come, sweet one, fly with me. My heart is yearning—

HEN PHEAS. What will folks say! I fear they are returning!

ROOSTER. Come quick, dear love, and never mind their cackle!

For your sweet sake the Devil himself I'd tackle!

HEN PHEAS. (*covely*). Oh, you're so pressing and I can't resist you!

ROOSTER. Quick, Sweet! Make haste! This way! Shall I assist you? (*They exit hurriedly.* *The dog has been watching and laughs.*)

DOG (*laughing*). Ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, I could split with laughter!

That's ten today that he's been chasing after!

(*Laughs as scene fades and changes back to the Chevalier's study.*) (*He rises and goes to desk.*)

CHEV. Oh, splendid! Charming! So Antony wooed Cleopatra! (*writing excitedly.*)

"A tender passion thrills his rooster bosom!

Love drawn, he leaves the hens and tries to lose 'em!"

Another cigarette! Ah, let me dream again! (*Lights cigarette and reclines on couch as before.* *The scene fades slowly and discovers*)

SECOND VISION. *Bank of a Lake. Avenue of large trees leading back to drop, which is painted to represent a giant forest.* At opening of scene, several frogs, impersonated by human actors, rise from the lake and hop out of the water and begin playing

*leap-frog on the shore. Funny pantomime scene. They are startled at the approaching Rooster and Hen Pheasant. They stop leaping and huddle together at back.)*

1ST FROG. Oh, see the masher looking sweet and pleasant  
And making sheep's eyes at that fly Hen Pheasant!

2ND FROG. Well, ain't it awful? Won't his wives be worried!  
The gay old rake! and then he's so much married!

ROOSTER (*enters lovingly with her, she coy but loving.*) I'd  
press my lips to thine, oh, lovely creature!

HEN PHEAS. You make me blush, I am so innocent, you see,  
sir!

ROOSTER (*with passion*). Oh, not too young to learn love's  
sweet insisting! (*Frogs gather round and group about, watching  
love making.*)

HEN PHEAS. Oh, don't, dear! for I'm sure there's someone lis-  
tening!

ROOSTER (*sees frogs; starts for them angrily*.) Eavesdropping  
frogs! We'll have you for our supper!

FROGS. (*Up stage half threateningly*.) You'd better not! We  
know you're an eloper! We'll tell! We saw it all! You hugged  
and kissed her!

ROOSTER (*dashes at them*). I'll have your lives!

FROGS. Oh, no! Not this time, Mister! (*They dive into the  
lake.*)

ROOSTER (*returning to her, lovingly*.) Come, fair one, let us  
wander on, in this direction,

Where we may love and kiss without fear of detection! (*He  
leads her away lovingly as scene fades back to Chevalier's study.*)

CHEV. (*jumps up and goes to table*.) Another chapter in his  
passion's story! I'll jot it down! Smoke up, oh, magic cigarette,  
till I see how this feathered amour ends! (*Same business as  
before and the scene fades to*

THIRD VISION. *A large tree in foreground, with hollow trunk,  
beside which is discovered asleep the Rooster and the Hen  
Pheasant also asleep nestled under the shelter of his wing.  
Perched on the tree, over their heads, are three owls (imper-  
sonated by human actors.). (Light effects secured in this scene  
whereby we change from night to day.) At the approach of  
dawn, the owls:*

1ST OWL. Hoot! Hoot! This old cock with his love grows  
weary

And sleeps upon the bosom of his deary!

2ND OWL. She cuddles up beside the gay old masher;

Oh, if his wives once catch her, won't they thrash her!

3RD OWL. But see, the east with coming dawn is glowing!

It hurts our eyes, so we had best be going!

1ST OWL. The sun is rising, so we'd better scoot!

2ND OWL. Let's aeroplane it homeward quick! (*They rise on the wing and call in concert*) Hoot! Hoot! (*They fly off of the scene. Lights gradually up as sun rises.*)

HEN PHEASANT (*waking*). Oh, my! The morning sun is here!  
'Tis time to wake my darling Chanticleer. (*Trying to rouse him.*)

My hero and my knight! the sun is here!

My loved one, we have overslept ourselves, I fear.

ROOSTER (*starts up in agony and despair.*) Oh, what is this?  
On high the morning sun,  
And I, his trumpeter, asleep! What have I done!  
My bugle always waked the King of Day  
And bade him rise and journey on his way!  
Beguiled by love, my duty I forgot!  
My glory's lost! Henceforth he needs me not!  
Oh, wanton! It was my passion for thy wild, entrancing  
beauty  
That ruined me and led me from the path of duty!  
Away! And may I never see thee any more!  
My life is crushed! My dream of folly o'er. (*Rushes off madly.*)

HEN. PHEAS. (*in despair and grief*). Oh, woe is me! I am  
fond passion's wreck!  
My guilty love's repaid! "I've got it in the neck!" (*Weeps as scene changes back to Chevalier's study.*)

CHEV. (*excitedly starts up from couch*). Ha, ha! This looks like tragedy! So, after actium's fatal battle, Antony felt toward the Sorceress of the Nile! But I must know his fate and this amorous story's end! Puff up, thou Oriental punk, till I may learn the rest of this! (*Same business as before and the scene fades again to*

FOURTH VISION. *Same as first vision. (Scene 6th. The dog is discovered sitting on fence, singing to himself and watching for the return of the Rooster. The hens are busy searching for their breakfast.)*

DOG (*sings*). The rooster ran away in amorous glee  
With a Hen Pheasant. He was mashed on she!  
Oh, he was such a mashing Lothario!  
But won't his wifeys pull his feather hair-i-o!  
He'll try so hard to square it if he can!  
Ha, ha! A rooster is so like a man!

CHORUS.) Bow wow! Bow wow! Mashers, take warning!  
It is so very diff-erent in the morning!  
To mash is very sweet, but, oh, how bitter  
If "wifeys" ever see you with that hussy critter!

1ST HEN. It's hard to have to hunt our breakfast in the grass!

2ND HEN. Well, we're grass widows, since our Lord deserted us, alas!

1ST HEN. Well, you may weep, but I feel awful cussy  
Since he eloped with that loud gipsy hussy! (*Rooster enters dejected and crestfallen.*)

2ND HEN. Oh, see! He comes! Don't he look mean and sneaking?

DOG (*in glee*). There seems a coolness now! He and his wives ain't speaking! (*To rooster:*) Hello, old roue! Back from your escapade?

ROOSTER. Thus jeers the world when all our honors fade!

1ST HEN. Nay, we'll forgive and love you as of yore!

2ND HEN. Yes, if you'll promise to do so no more!

ROOSTER (*tragically*). Away! Try not to soothe my shame, my woe!

My glory's gone! No more at dawn I'll crow!

In passion's thrall my duty I forgot;  
The Sun has learned he can arise un-crowed! He needs me not!

This guilty love undoes the foolish gay-beau!

My doom is sealed! I am a dead gazabo! (*He staggers in an agony of grief and falls dead in the foreground.*)

HENS (*in grief*). Oh, woe is we! He died of his disgracing!

DOC (*laughing*). Ha, ha! Ha, ha! That's what he got for going "chasing!"

That's what the masher gets for being too libidinous!

Sic semper gloria Roosti too promiscuous! (*laughing—hens weeping as the scene changes to former scene, the study of De Rostando.*)

CHEVALIER (*springs from his couch, much elated.*) Ha! at last I have the divine theme for my greatest play! I shall be famous, immortal tomorrow! (*He writes hurriedly and excitedly, then walks back and forth, triumphant!*) Oh, I shall be great as Moliere! I feel the laurel wreath upon my massive brows! Ros-tando the Grando! (*Scene closes on him strutting to and fro.*)

#### SCENE 9.

Hallway of office building; sign on door in foreground reads: "Hirem & Dooem, Play-readers for The Great American Skin-dicate." (*Se the Grosse enters, followed by two negro porters who carry between them a large book labelled, "THE BELLS OF CORNTOWN," by Mr. The Grosse. He stops at the door.*)

SE THE GROSSE. Put down your weary load awhile!

PORTERS (*obey, mopping their foreheads*). Yes, sah! It's mighty heavy! What is it all about, Boss? Lead mines?

SE THE GROSSE (*contemptuously*). Lead mines! No! Your brows are as high as a hen's! Let me, prophet-like, read the Signs of the Times! (*Reads sign over door.*) Ah! 'Tis the place! I stand face to face with Fate or Fortune! (*He knocks loudly.*)

OFFICE BOY (*entering from door.*) Well, "Perty," what do you want?

SE THE GROSSE (*with dignity*). Irreverent menial, I fain would see thy great masters; I have a play (*giving card*).

BOY. Well, you'll have to wait! See? (*Exits in door, slamming it in the face of Se the Grosse.*)

SE THE GROSSE. Odds bodkins! Now by me Halidam, I would have the low varlet whipped and put in the stocks for his ribald slangery! (*To the porters:*) Slaves, bring hither the mighty book! (*They obey. He sits on the edge of it.*) I am aweary and I fain would rest. (*Takes large cigar from pocket and lights it.*) Thus Genius, lackey-wise, must wait in patience on the nod of bloated vulgar authority! (*Scene closes in.*)

#### SCENE 10.

*Handsome office interior. Desk L. with enamel sign, "Manager." A portly gentleman (French type) seated at desk. Group of French actors seated about office. Chevalier discovered reading from his MSS. (During all this, three wardrobe women enter carrying dresses for Hen Pheasant, a rooster and a black-bird. Two stylishly-dressed French actresses enter.)*

CHEV. (*reading*). "The rooster ran away in amorous glee with a hen pheasant. He was mashed on she!"—

1ST ACTRESS. Oh, wait, Monsieur! Let us look first at our dresses for the parts! What matter the lines? It is our looks that count!

CHEV. (*with contempt*). Looks, indeed! What would your looks amount to if I did not give you the divine play in which to show yourselves off?

2ND ACTRESS. And what would your divine play be if it were not for our divine looks and the costumer's divine art? (*Scene closes on them all trying to talk at once and the manager with his hands over his ears.*

#### SCENE 11.

*Study of Se the Grosse. He enters excitedly, with a newspaper in hand, reads item, which appears in large print so as to be read:*

"Unparalleled success of the one epoch-making drama of  
the age!

Chevalier de Rostando the hero of the hour!"

Rostando, indeed! a tyro, a charletan in art! What knows this frog-eater of the Promethian fire of Genius? Ah, 'tis I who should—

SERVANT MAID (*enters announcing*) Some one to see you, sir!

SE THE GROSSE. I am in no mood to give an audience! Who is it?

MAID. Two express men, please.

SE THE GROSSE. Humph! Well, the express men do not please! But let them enter and express themselves! (*She exits.*) What can this mean? My mind misgives me!

TWO EXPRESS MEN (*enter carrying between them the large box seen in the previous scene.*)

1ST EXPRESS MAN. Say, Mister, here's yer pamphlet! (*Put it on table and exit both express men.*)

*Underneath the words BELLS OF CORNTOWN is pasted a label which reads: "Refused with thanks. Hiram & Dooem."*

SE THE GROSSE (*excitedly*). Ha, ha! I see it all! This successful play of this French dude, that is so loudly praised here, in the paper, has been stolen! Stolen from my great book! Death! Blood! I will to the telegraph office! I will have revenge! Revenge! (*Rushes off. Scene closes.*)

SCENE 12. *Interior American Telegraph Office. Operators at work at desks, sending and receiving telegrams. Se the Grosse enters hurriedly, in great rage.*

SE THE GROSSE (*to clerk*). Say, you of the lightning-winged fist! Have you RED ink? As red as blood! Blood! I would fain send a telegram of death! Death! (*Writes furiously. The cablegram appears. He reads it aloud and fiercely to the operator:*)

Chevalier de Rostando,  
Paris, France.

Not satisfied with appropriating my long-nosed hero,  
you have purloined my rooster! I now challenge you to  
mortal combat!

SE THE GROSSE.

There, young man, send that cablegram with dangerous high-voltage electricity! Make it deadly!

CLERK. Twenty samoleons! Give us the "squid." (*Holds out his hand.*)

SE THE GROSSE (*hands him twenty-dollar bill.*). 'Tis did and he is dead! Ha, ha! (*Scene closes in.*)

SCENE 13. *De Rostando's Study. Same set as Scene 4. Chevalier is seated at his desk. Enter Manager, actresses, and some characters from Scene 10.)*

MANAGER. Good morning, Monsieur. I come to congratulate you.

OTHERS (*all speaking together.*) "Yes, so did we all!" "That's why we came, we're here for that too," etc.

CHEVALIER (*rising*). Thanks, dear friends! This avalanche of praise quite overwhelms me! (*Actresses fall upon him and em-*

brace him, calling him "Dear thing!" "Sweet Chevalier!" "You darling poet!" etc., etc. He disengages himself at last and touches bell. Waiter enters.) Francois, bring champagne and glasses! (FRAN. exits bowing.) Come, dear friends, in champagne, the nectar of the gods, you shall drink to my success! (Francois re-enters with wine and serves guests. They drink to the Chevalier's health, wealth, success, etc., etc.

SERVANT (enters with cablegram and hands it to Chevalier and retires. He opens it and reads, surprised first, then amused.) (Cablegram large and is seen by audience.)

CHEV. (laughing immoderately.) Listen, all! The grandest joke!

ALL. A joke?

CHEV. Yes! You shall hear! (Reads telegram to them. They all laugh at it derisively, much amused.) So, this foolish swash-buckler claims that I have stolen his Rooster! Ha, ha, ha! Well, that's too good! (They laugh.) So this is a rooster fight! So be it then! Ha, ha, ha!

ACTRESS. What will you do, dear Chevalier?

CHEV. Do? Listen and you shall hear. I have an idea! (Goes to desk and writes hurriedly. He reads it to them. It must be written large so audience can read it.)

Se the Grosse,  
Grosse Terrace,  
Porkopolis, America.

I will meet you on one condition—that we settle our differences a la Chanticleer. DE ROSTANDO.

SCENE 14. SIX MONTHS LATER. THE DUEL. The cock pit with large crowd on bleachers, one side American, the other side French. De Rostando, in full evening dress, with Chevalier insignia on ribbon across shirt front, enters with a small game cock under his arm and bows. Then Se the Grosse enters from the American side with large rooster, impersonated by human actor, and bows. The cock fight proceeds between the two roosters, characters urging them on. French cheer when small rooster has advantage, the Americans when the large rooster has it. Scene worked in pantomime except the cheering and coaching from the crowd.

END.

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